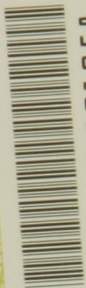


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CLASS BOOK . . .
OF THE CLASS OF '98

KANSAS STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

MANHATTAN, KANSAS

B O A R D

H. G. Nichols.
F. Zimmerman
W. J. Pope
W. Anderson
H. Brady.

Preface

Know Ye by these Presents, That the Class Book Committee of the Class of '98, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, hereby submits its report in the shape of a book as per instruction, and with no apologies. Weary has been the way, and long, and many the difficulties it has encountered and overcome ; much has it learned, "for which it is duly thankful." It hastens to assure you, however, that a second dose will scarcely be necessary to make the impressions deep and lasting ! As to the substance of the book, it is but the expanded form of the outline submitted to and adopted by the Class, and is, therefore, somewhat removed from the realms of science and philosophy. It is not a text-book requiring deep study, but is merely a collection of such scenes and suggestions connected with our college life as will, in after years, recall to the old '98-ers the dear old Home upon the hill, and the four happy years spent within those ivy-clad walls, and so awaken the old memories that once again you will mingle with your classmates as of yore, and live over again those bright and sunny days. Let this book but make a dull day brighter, and a sad heart lighter, and it will have fulfilled its mission.

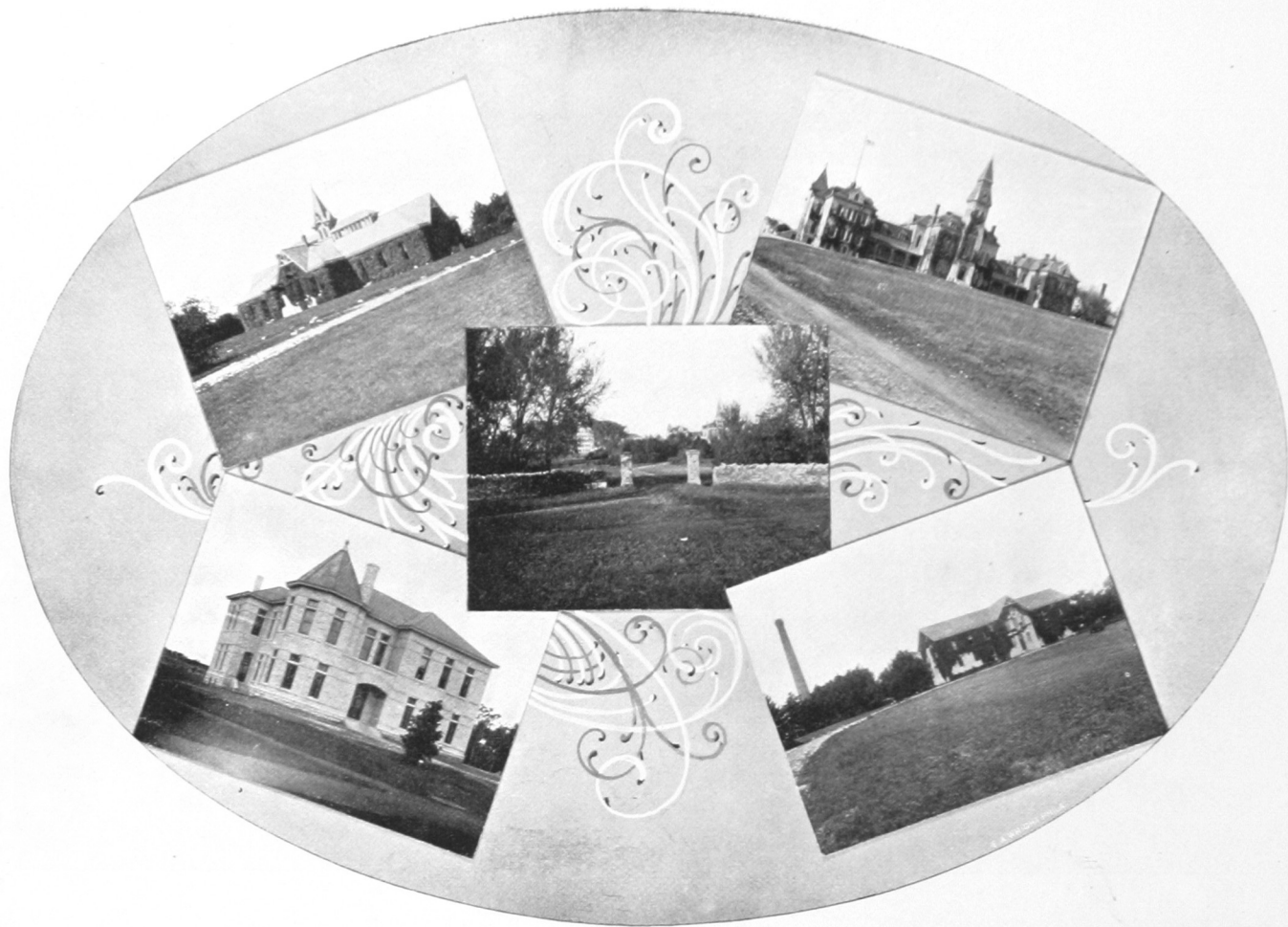
HATTIE G. NICHOLS,
FRED ZIMMERMAN,
W. T. POPE, *Artist*,
WM. ANDERSON,
HOPE BRADY.

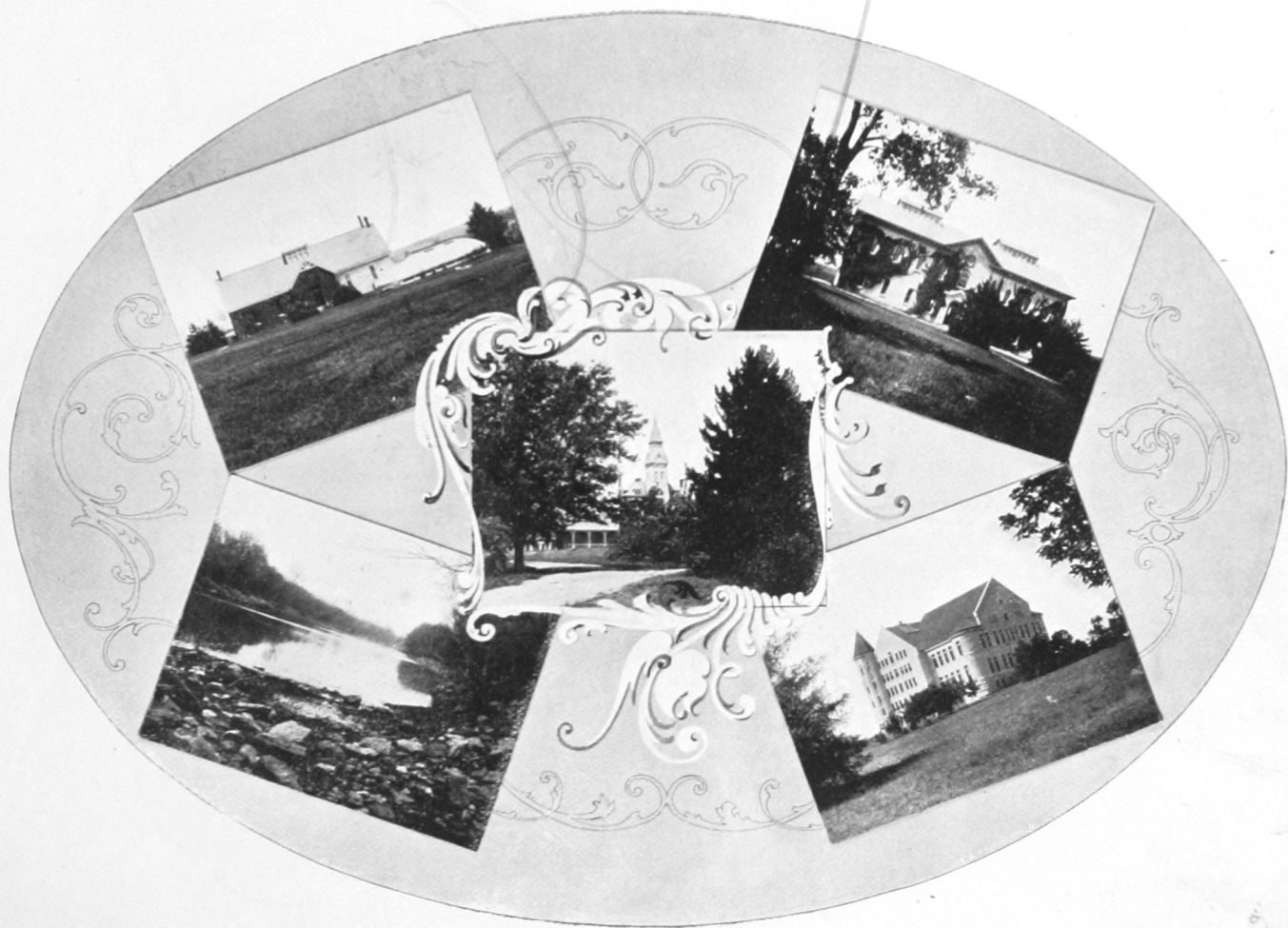
MOTTO

“Do noble deeds, not dream them”



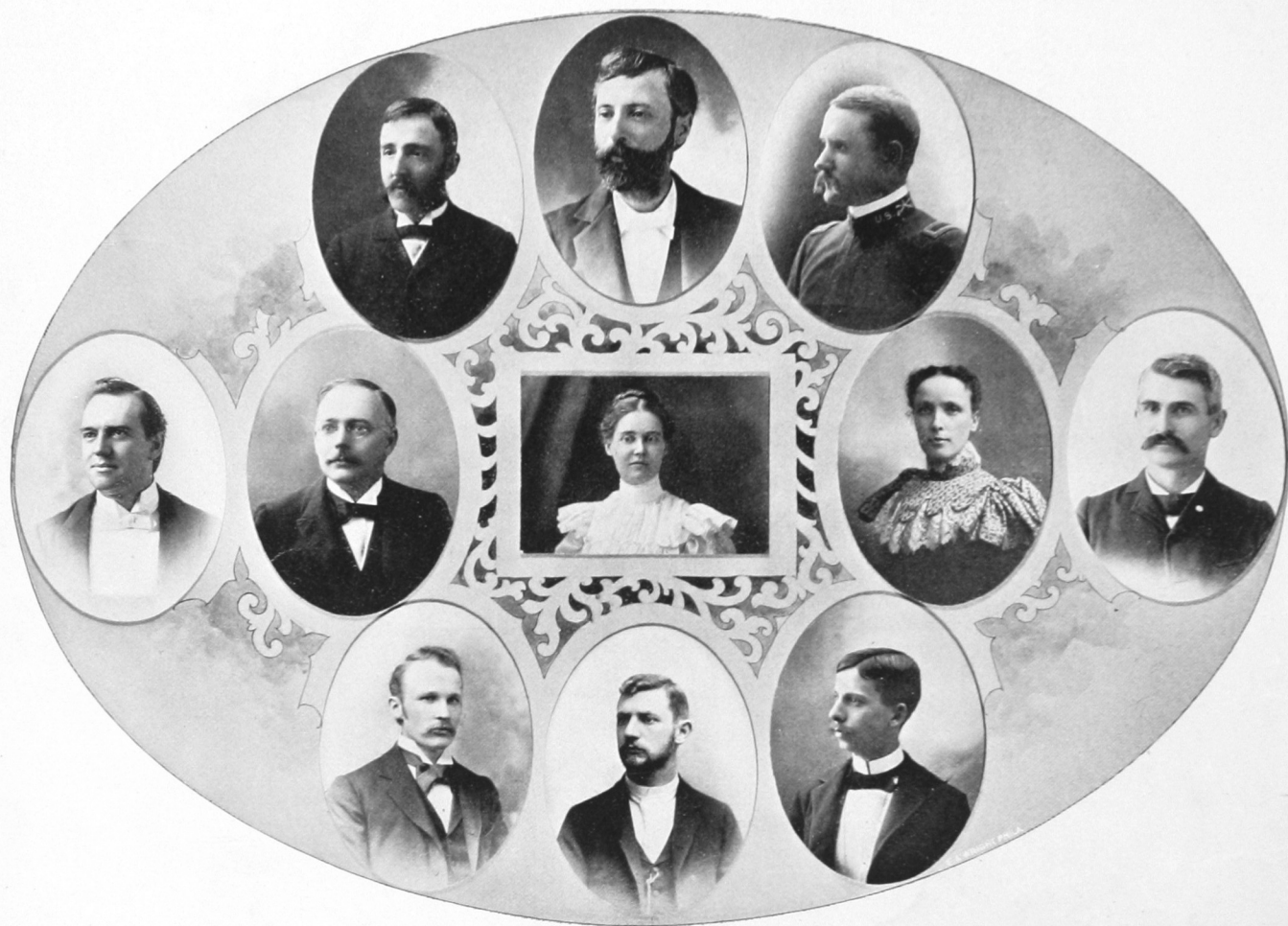
GENERAL VIEW OF GROUNDS













First Year

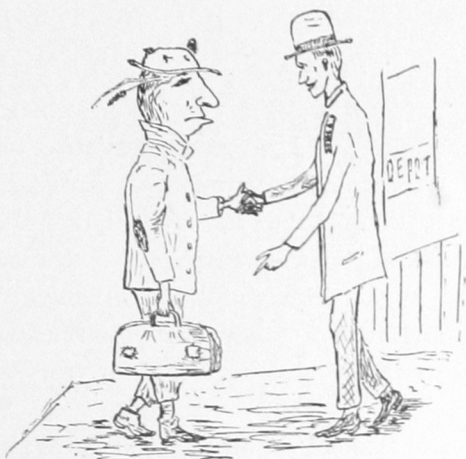
In the fall of '94, when the halls of our college were thrown open, the college received a consignment of 276 "green goods." We came, as many other "preps" have come, freckled-faced and sunburned, and we bowed to the yoke of servitude with the meekness of turtle-doves. We came to college socials, as other "preps" have done. Here we made our first appearance on the chapel stage. ("Oh, happy's the Miller boy.")

The first year of our college life was passed without doing anything startling or irrational. A constitution was proposed, in which the marshal's duty was to "carry peanuts" and furnish "chew gum;" the president was to "go out among 'em;" temporary officers were elected, but they were never ratified by the Class.

At our first Commencement the calm tranquility of our student life was broken by a "flag scrap"—the dead have never been buried.

One member of our Class that entered with us did not graduate. We claim him by right of discovery and conquest, and count him in our fold. If he did not graduate, at least, he was the first member of the Faculty to sign our diplomas and hand out the drawing paper tied with ribbon on Commencement Day.

While only a nucleus of the Class entered in '94, yet these and the other members have never made any evolutions or revolutions, except those directed by judgment and discretion. It has from the first made no statements or propositions that have not been backed up by "gray matter." As to originality in all our college undertakings, we have had no peers.



Arrival



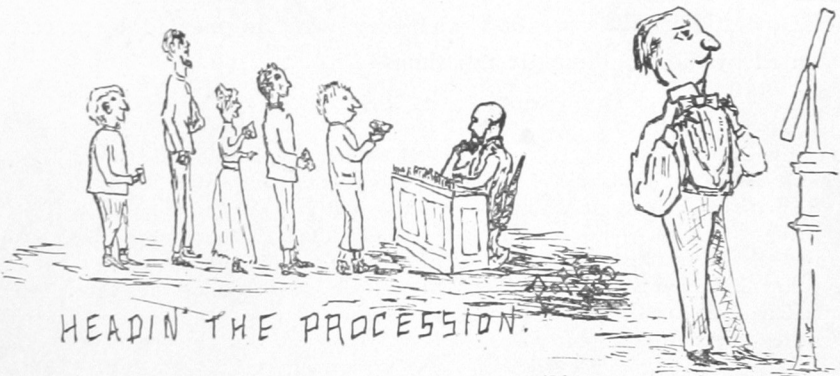
TO ENTER THERE



Promotion



LECTURE I.



HEADIN' THE PROCESSION.

FIRST YEAR PARTY

Second Year

When we arrived the second year and came to count noses, some were found to be absent, and other students "backed up" into our Class and some joined for the first time. We were ready for mischief as well as work, and being diplomats and statesmen, we got the unsophisticated "prep" to "hold the sack" for snipes. We imagined a Socratesial demeanor and awed the new corn-field canaries, because we knew—we had passed algebra.

We can never forget our first promotion in drill, nor those delightful nights "buggin'" under the lights. At this stage of our pedagogial administration we adopted our constitution, and from a bright solar spectrum we chose, with æsthetic taste and happy harmony, the colors we have worn for years and shall reverence for years to come—lilac and white.

In the social line we all went "to jail," attended the "Ag" party, and "took in" all the college entertainments. Another "flag scrap" was participated in at Commencement. An old shot-gun was used to bombard the haughty Senior's flag as it shook its folds in derision from the top of the steeple. This led to some of our boys being suspended, so that they could write out an apology.

Domestic troubles we had, and they were augmented by a certain piece of poetry, or the poetry was augmented by the troubles. It ran thus—

I.

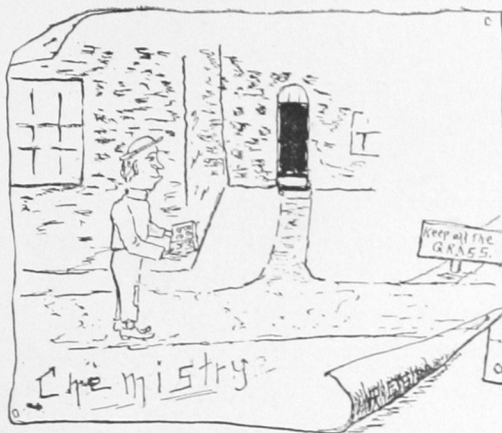
Boys of the Class of '98,
Bachelors, before you graduate.
The girls have done you a mean thing,
They thought they had you on a string;
They never know you half the time,
Unless they think you have a dime
To spend and take them out some place
Where they can show their pretty face.

II.

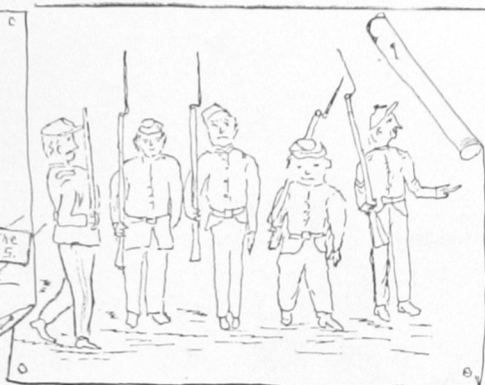
But when they have a little show,
You poor boys never get to go;
They get Prof. M. and Mamma K.
To take them off to spend the day,
To some secluded lonely spot,
And you, poor boys, are all forgot.

III.

They take all kinds of stuff to eat,
From deviled eggs to pickled meat,
Sweet cakes, paid for by Uncle Sam,
Filled in between with richest jam.
All this they took on a hay rack,
(Oh, how we wished they'd not come back!)
Alas! they did, 'tis sad to relate,
Poor bachelor boys of '98.



Chemistry



Awkward Squad



Bugs



Ag party



Adopting class colors

Third Year

The third year caught us hard at work, yet we were glad to disembark at Manhattan. In this year the boys and girls really got acquainted with each other; surveying and pulling sand-burrs stimulated this growing friendship. We had one Class party at the "corners," and after two days of giving thanks we lived through to Christmas.

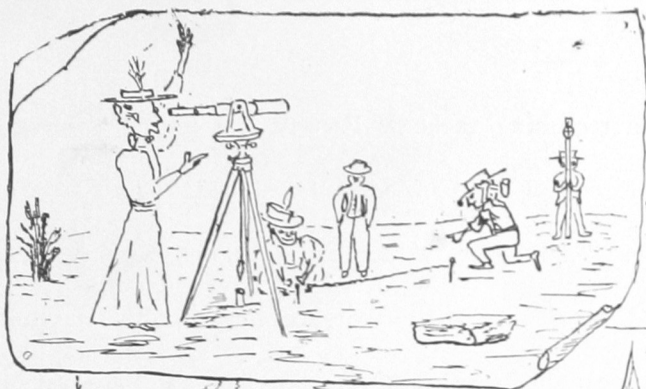
In the winter term our pent up and vehement originality bursted forth—we must have something to distinguish a distinguished Class, and we widowed off from former Class souvenirs in the line of bric-a-brac and star tobacco tags, and after days of ultra Webster-Haynes debate, the boys adopted the canes of '98. Some of the girls felt snubbed because they were not allowed to come to these meetings, but they were consoled by being given full rights to promenade with the canes and their owners.

During this term brimstone was quite pronounced and outcries quite clamorous in some of the upper rooms—the Ninety-seveners were simply trying to make out their Class Day program.

In the spring we spent an evening as a Class with "Paddy Mac," and had a jolly time.

The Class was brought to face the domestic revolution where the Faculty met their Waterloo. As individuals we had our friends and enemies, but as a Class we never expressed our sentiments in any form, although several erratic members advised hasty action.

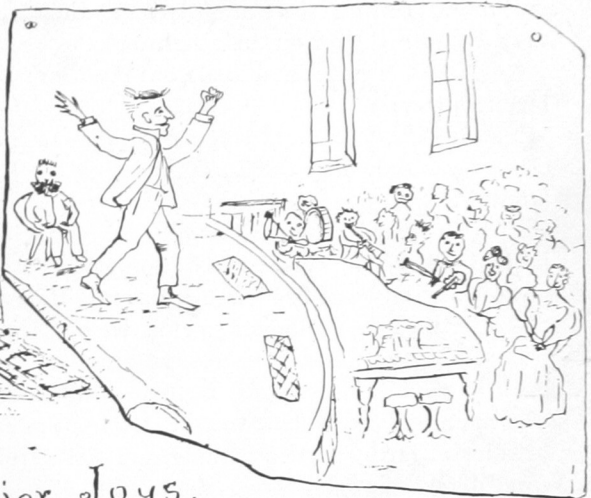
While a large number of the Faculty were marching to the "grand bounce," four members of our Class disavowed any further allegiance to college and we, with unwept tears, bid farewell together in June.



Raising Canes.



In Perspective



Junior Joys.

Fourth Year

The first few weeks of the fall term was spent in recruiting the new Faculty and letting them get acquainted with each other.

Hallowe'en we did not tear up side walks, but "threw off all moroseness," and had a good time at Pres. Will's.

Prof. Bemis was good enough to keep "open house" for us every Monday night, and we partook of his hospitality.

In the later part of the term it was decided to have a Class Book. More debate was served on this question than on anything since we cadavered the cap and gown question.

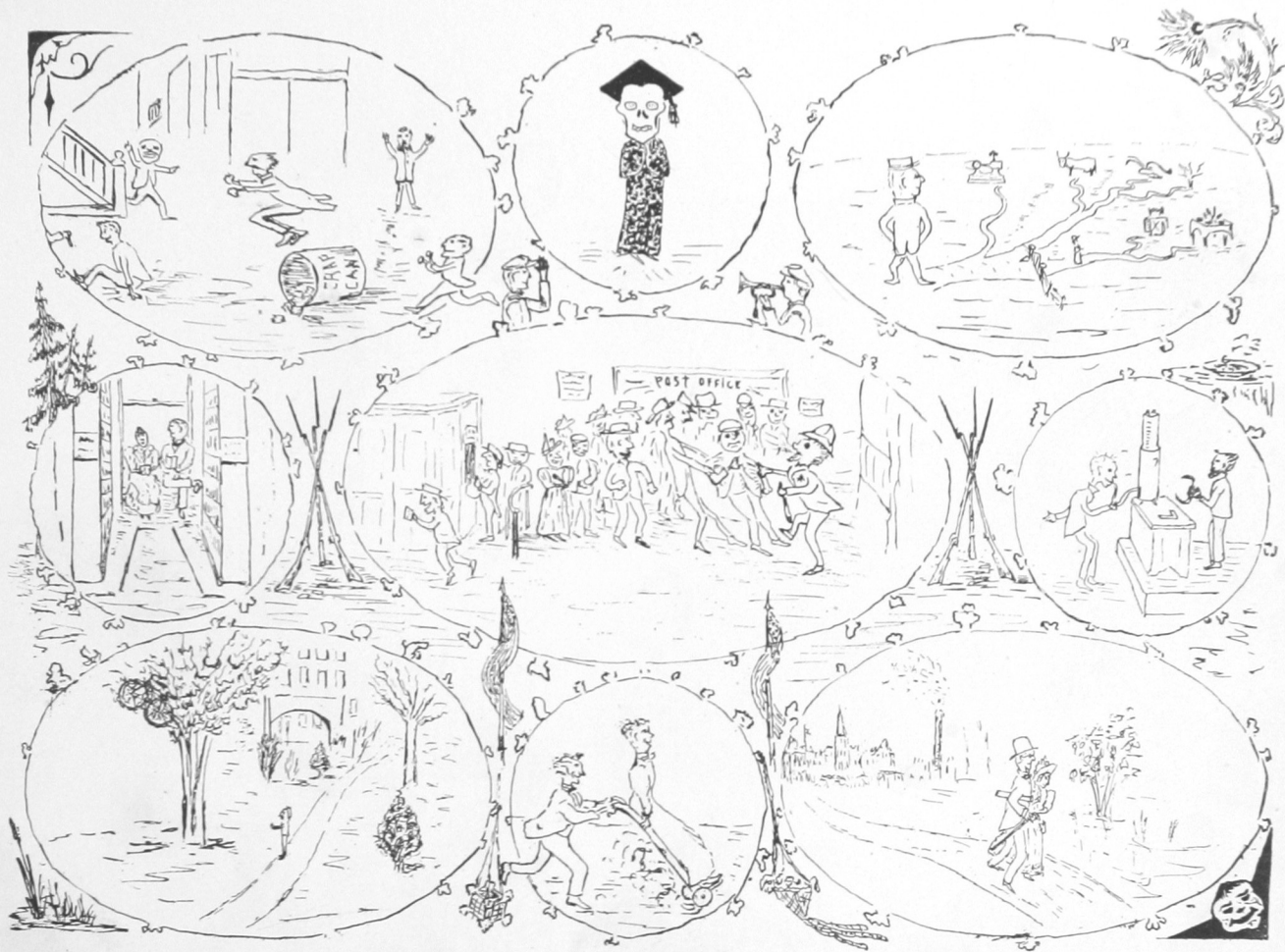
In the winter we started out with a rush; the Faculty caught the spirit of the occasion, and they rushed, and tried to "keep moving." It was thought that some stayed at college all night so as to get a good start in the morning. During their nightly naps they would call out between snores, "Turn to the right!" and promptly they would roll over on their right side.

The Class met and made out the Class Day program in less than two hours—a thing of business done in a business way.

No Class has held better relations with the lower classes than the Class of '98. The amiable feelings of classes was shown by the Class tendering the Juniors a reception and they in turn gave the Seniors a reception and farewell.

The war kept our Class all excited during spring, and all taking drill offered their services collectively and individually to the Governor, but only Thomas and Whipple were lucky enough to get to go. Butterfield did not go to war, but went to New York at mid-term to go into the fruit business.

At last we graduated, and as we pass out from college and look back to a sunset, viewed from a distant hill, we must say that as a spectacle the greatest master of stagecraft could not evolve a finer sitting. The low sun in bank of vermilion dyed the farthest hills a royal purple, against which the college walls gleamed like alabaster. The main building's dark steeple stood out against the velvet green of the Campus, while stately stood the other buildings near by; the thickets and the shrubs added a rainbow beauty to the whole. Then it was that Seniors seemed transported beyond the zenith of material things, as now our memories revert back to those star-lit eves when we and someone else climbed the dear old hill together.





The Class



Frank Yonman

THIS Scotch-Irish-English-Dutchman was born a "badger" on March 30, 1870. Landed in Western Kansas in '79. Entered college in '89 on grades of forty-five and fifty per cent. in arithmetic and grammar. Since entering college have taught school, sold school and church supplies in Kansas and Oklahoma, run headers in the harvest fields, and assisted my brother C. E. '92 in his office of Clerk of the District Court. Having from childhood a deep veneration for the legal fraternity, I now turn my energies in that direction.



Emory S. Adams

EMORY S. ADAMS is the youngest of a class of sixty-nine members to graduate from the Kansas State Agricultural College in 1898. He was born on the sixth of February in 1881. His early education was begun in private schools. Being a very bright scholar, he entered the higher classes of the public schools while still quite young. In the fall of '95 he entered college, completing the course in three years. His home has always been in Manhattan, with the exception of one year spent in Kansas City. During his last year in college he was an active member of the band and base ball team.



F. D. Waters.

FRED WATERS was born on March 8, 1877, on the broad plains of Kansas. He is of German, Irish, English, and Scotch descent, and all nationalities are plainly visible upon his countenance. The principal part of his life has been spent on the farm. His mentality was "worked on" in the district school until he was sixteen years of age, at which time he was promoted. He entered college at the K. S. A. C., in the fall of 1893, and deciding to take the extended course graduated with the Class of '98.



M. H. Sanderson.

IT was on a bright spring morning in the month of May, when the flowers were just in bloom that the victim of this story was first seen upon an oblate spheroid called the earth. This event took place in the year of our Lord, 1876. After struggling with divers difficulties he entered the country school, from which he graduated in 1892. Entered the K. S. A. C., January 8, 1894, became a member of the Hamilton Society in the spring of that year; held the commission of First Lieutenant in the "Corps of Cadets." Graduated in the Engineering Course with the Class of '98.



Hope Brady.

THIS little midget was born at Manhattan, Kansas, July 26, 1877. She has always tried to accomplish something great, and some day may attain the aim sought. Her school days began at the age of six in the city schools where she remained until 1893. In the fall of that year she allowed her name to be enrolled at the K. S. A. C., became a member of the Ionion Society in the winter of 1894. During the fall of 1894 she postponed her studies on account of illness with no hope of resuming, but Hope is full of hope and in the winter of 1896 she was again doing work at the old stand, and remained until graduation with the Class of '98.

W. A.



C. B. Patten

ON February 24, 1879, the tribe of Sourkrout Dutch was increased about twelve pounds, for on that day the subject of this sketch took up the duties of an unmarried being. Having plenty of room on a 280 acre farm near Topeka, plenty of time and plenty to eat, he gradually expanded, and by twelve years the twelve pounds had increased to one hundred and sixty. Most of his early days were spent either in school or in the cupboard, and had he expanded mentally as well as physically, he might have some hopes of being great. In the fall of 1894, he entered the K. S. A. C., and by hard work was able to stay with his class and graduate in 1898. His future is as uncertain as the weather, but quite likely he will be a "Bro. Reuben."



Inez Manchester

THE subject of this sketch was born near Aurora, Ill., and according to some authorities, as early as 1868, while others have thought that ten years later is more nearly correct. When three years of age she moved with her parents, who were formerly from New York State, to a farm home in Miami County, Kansas. Began district school life at six years, and in the winter term of 1894 entered K. A. C., and during the years 1894 and 1895 spent two and one-half terms in college, so in the fall of 1896 entered as Sophomore with the Class of '98. During her college years she has been associated with the Alpha Beta Literary Society.



W. A. McCulloch

WILLIAM ANDREW McCULLOUGH was born at El Paso, Ill., twenty-three years ago. He lived two years at this place, during which time nothing eventful took place, his life differing very little from that of the ordinary individual. At this time his parents decided to move West, Mac, without giving any serious thought to the question, came along. They located in Morris County, Kansas. Here on the broad plains he breathed the pure wholesome air of the Kansas breeze, and became an adopted "jayhawker" according to the "laws of adaptation." He entered the K. S. A. C. with the Class of '96. At the close of the Sophomore year he entered the field of Pedagogy, returning to school in 1896 to graduate with the Class of '98. He will study medicine.



Anna M. Dahl.

MORE than two years less than a quarter of a century ago, Anna Magdalena Dahl first became acquainted with this world. Her life has been a happy one, nearly all of it being spent on her father's homestead in the White Rock Valley of Jervell County, Kansas. Attended the Rose Hill school before entering the K. A. C. with the Class of '97, but after a year's vacation, she joined the senior Class of '98. Signs of greatness have not yet appeared, and the unrevealed future still lies before her.



A. L. Prowe

PREVIOUS to the time of graduation he figured four years as a student at the K. S. A. C., three years previous to this a teacher, and twelve before this he served as school "kid;" from this time back to January 2, 1874, the record is not very clear, except that he escaped from Rockford, Ill., at two years of age, and came to the protective folds of Kansas. He is one of the eighteen graduating members of the Hamilton Society. He is one of the Class songsters.



Emma Doll

ALTHOUGH born in Ohio, the subject of this sketch has spent the greater portion of her life in Kansas, and is therefore really more of a Jayhawker than a Buckeye. With her parents she left her native State nearly twenty years ago and settled on a farm in Pawnee County, her present home, where she learned to endure the hardships peculiar to a country life. It was not enough to learn general housework, but field work as well. At the age of sixteen, finding her physical strength giving way, she gave up the arduous work of the farm and turned her attention to school teaching, which has been the joy of her life. She attended the Central Normal College twenty-eight weeks; taught school twenty-three months, eighteen of which were in her home district; and in the fall of 1893 spent two weeks at the World's Fair. She now is numbered with the graduates of the Class of '98.



J. M. Harvey.

JAMES MADISON HARVEY was born at Vinton, Riley County, Kansas, May 29, 1872. After experiencing such hopes, joys, and fears as falls the lot of the average Kansas farmer lad, he moved with his parents to Lynnhaven Bay, Princess Anne County, Virginia, in October, 1884; while there he became quite an adept "seaman" and oysterman. In 1887 he moved from Lynnhaven Bay to Richmond, Va., returning to Kansas in 1890. He entered K. S. A. C. at the beginning of the fall of 1892, and left college at the close of the winter term 1893. He was elected County Surveyor of Riley County in 1893 on the Republican ticket. He again entered college in January, 1896, completing the course in 1898.



Emilie Pfuetze

EMILIE PFUETZE was born nineteen years ago at Manhattan, and has lived here ever since. When old enough she entered the public school, and in 1893 graduated. In the fall of that same year she entered the K. S. A. C., and by a division of her course, will have gone five years, by June 9, 1898. Nothing serious has as yet befallen her, since she has suffered neither matrimony nor death. As to her future there is doubt, but she may become famous some day, as her name suggests fame.



J. M. Pierce

THE date of the advent of John M. Pierce upon this terrestrial sphere is fixed by tradition at 1878, A. D. He began his career in the "Sucker" State, remaining loyal to his native State until the fall of 1895, when he joined the Jay-hawkers in their struggle for fame at the Agricultural College. His education began in a district school in 1891, graduated from the high school in 1894, took a year's course in practical agriculture and entered K. A. C. in the fall of 1895. He is of a decidedly literary turn of mind, and says he can read better than anything else.



Florence A. Martin

FLORENCE A. MARTIN has always lived in "Sunny Kansas," near the geographical centre of the United States. She has been an active member of the Alpha Beta Society during her four years at college. Being a typical farmer's girl, her favorite amusement is horseback riding. She is still undecided as to her future occupation.



Lucy M. Cottrell

ONE dark November day in 1878, Lucy Maria Cottrell made her first appearance in this world, near the little town of Wabaunsee. Here she spent a happy childhood on the farm, entering country school at the age of seven. In the fall of 1894, with her diploma in her hand, she entered the K. S. A. C. She is one of the twenty-seven of the Class of '98 who began their college life in that year. Always prepared for classes and never missing chapel, and yet she says no symptoms of greatness have yet been detected, and her future occupation still unknown.



Schuyler Nichols

"SKYKE" began his active career in life, November 14, 1875, and was a howling success from the start. In old Missouri and on the western plains of Kansas, he grew to manhood, with his share of boyish adventures, schooling, farming and hunting of prairie dogs and antelopes. In 1894, he became a college lad, and has ever since been an active, energetic, progressive member of both class and society, being one of the "immortal ten" the Websters graduate this year, Captain of Company D., of the Cadets during 1897 and 1898, and Commandant of the battalion during the latter part of the spring term of 1898. Whatever be his selected life-work, nought but success can crown his efforts.

H. N.



Olive A. Long

ON the last day of January, 1876, the subject of this sketch was born near Carrollton, Ohio. But before the age of five years she came with her parents to Manhattan, Kansas, which has since been their home. Her's has been an uneventful life with but small sorrows and joys (true they seemed large to her) to mingle and compose her somewhat monotonous but yet pleasant existence. She began her education in a private school when six years old and a year later entered the public schools of Manhattan, where she continued until entering the K. S. A. C. in 1893. Because of the loss of one-half term by illness she was compelled to divide her course and will graduate with the Class of '98. Early in the Freshman Year she became a member of the Ionian Society and many of her most pleasant hours were spent in its meetings. What does she intend to do after graduation? This is hard to say. True she has many plans but all are very indefinite.



J. W. Adams.

JOSHUA WILLIAM ADAMS arrived on this planet September 7, of that notable year, 1873. The first seven years of his life were spent in Coldwell County, Missouri. In the spring of 1881 his parents moved to Philips County, Kansas, where young Joshua proceeded at once to grow up with the country; in the meantime washing dishes and herding sheep to pay expenses. His school days, which were scattered along through the winter months, were spent in a 16 x 24 feet dugout. After graduating from the common school he went to Manhattan and joined the Class of '98 of the Kansas State Agricultural College.



Minnie Copeland.

THE subject of this sketch is a Jayhawker by birth and by choice. She was born near the beautiful city of Topeka, Kansas, on March 11, 1874, and here most of her childhood days were spent. In 1876 and again in 1882 she visited Wisconsin and adjoining States, but did not stay long and returned to make her home in that paradise of nature, the Sunflower State. In 1884 she moved with her parents to Quenemo, Osage County, Kansas, where she has since resided. She entered the K. A. C., in September 1892, and attended somewhat irregularly, completing the course with the Class of '98. She never taught school; never expects to be the wife of a village blacksmith nor of the President of the United States. We prophesy for her a successful life in whatever she undertakes, for her determined and indomitable will coupled with her alertness and aptness must bring to her the crown of success.

G. F. F.



W^m Anderson.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Neosho County, Kansas, February 18, 1873. He migrated with his parents to Marshal County, in 1875, and again in 1876 moved to Pottawatomie County, where he has spent the greater portion of his life. His desire for future travel was satisfied in a flying trip across the Kansas prairie to Rooks County in an old-fashioned "prairie schooner." At the age of five he entered the country school and experienced what the average school boy must pass through. Entered the K. S. A. C., on January 9, 1894, where he continued until he finished the course. Was a member of the Hamilton Society. Made everybody uncomfortable by his unusual verbosity. His chosen profession is law to which his adaptiveness has not, as yet, been determined.



C. Jeanette Perry

C. JEANETTE PERRY was born at Pottersburg, Lincoln County, Kansas, at the beginning of the first year of her age. After surviving for about a year, the hardships incident to drouth, corn bread, grasshoppers and Indians, she left there never to return. Her early precosity prevented her from too many demotions so she finally graduated from the city and high schools of Beloit, Kansas, where she had lived since a mere child. The attractions of K. S. A. C., brought her to Manhattan in the fall of 1895 and the three years since that time she has spent in taking written recitations and in "movin' thru the halls." She has traveled extensively the—paths to the pantry after study hours. If anything out of the ordinary falls to her lot you may hear from her later.



W. T. Pope.

W. T. POPE was born near Decatur, Ill., in 1873. The first four years of his life was spent in Illinois, then he moved to the Sunflower State and lived in Florence a few months, then moved to Lincolnville, where he still finds food and shelter when in that locality. He has acted as carpenter, farmer and live stock commission man. In college he has been associated with the Webster Society. He is well gifted with the pen, and this book bears testimony to his ability as cartoonist.



Harriet E. Hackrey

HARRIET E. THACKREY was born on a farm in what is known as Tabor Valley, near Zeandale. Here she spent the first three years of her life, going at the end of that time to a farm on the Blue River. Four years later the family came to Manhattan, where she has lived ever since, entering college at the age of fifteen, where she has been a member of the Alpha Beta Society. Her future career is undecided.



J. C. Ganoover

YOUR humble servant was born in the town of Mason City, Ill., in the year 1873. Here, under the influence of his mother's slipper, he laid the foundation of his future life. At the age of eight, accompanied by his mother and a peach sprout, he started to school. When nine yearsold he and his mother and sister moved to Kansas. Here, in the shade of the sunflower, and with the grasshopper and clod-hopper for companions, he for the first time began to grow; he sprung up like a mushroom in the night, but suddenly stopped short. For five years he went to "district skule" Graduating from the town school in the spring of 1894, he entered the K. A. C. the next fall. When he came here he thought he knew it all, but has since been convinced that he is not the "Only Pebble on the Beach."



Jessie G. Bayless.

JESSIE GENEVA BAYLESS, the youngest of five children, was born in Bates County, Missouri, and when she was fifteen months old, her parents moved to Iowa, remaining there a short time. She has since 1881 lived on a farm near Yates Center, Woodson County, Kansas, receiving her early education at a country school. But desiring greater knowledge, she has spent the past four years at the K. A. C. Her life has neither been one of adventure nor romance, but just quiet and simple like herself. She was a member of the Ionian Society, and its President in the spring of 1898.



S. J. Adams

S. J. ADAMS was born on a farm in Caldwell County, Missouri, January 3, 1872. At the age of nine years he was taken to Phillips County, Kansas, where the greater part of the next twelve years was spent herding sheep. But when the tariff was removed from wool, Sam was thrown out of a job. Realizing that the instruction which he had received at home, supplemented by twenty months' schooling altogether insufficient to enable him to fight the battle of life successfully, he entered college at the K. S. A. C. in the fall of 1893.



Bessie M. Lock

BESSIE MAY LOCK is the second daughter in a family of four children. She was born January 2, 1877, on a farm near Riley, Riley County, Kansas. She attended school in Riley until 1893, when she completed the Riley County common school course of study. In 1894, she with her parents moved to Manhattan. In the fall of 1894 she entered the K. S. A. C. She is of English descent. She is a staunch Republican, and although not a woman suffrage howler, if women ever gain the ballot she will think it her duty to vote. She is a member of the Ionian Society.



Fred Zimmerman

TWO calamities befell the parents of this subject in 1874; the grasshoppers ate everything "chewable," and the other calamity is still with them. "Zim" has traveled a great deal, having been twice to Barnum's show and drank red circus lemonade; he made the trip 600 miles to the World's Fair and stayed six days, all for \$25.50; with equal results he has financed on the *Herald* staff for the last year. He graduated at a business college in 1892 and entered college in the fall; since entering college he has farmed between times. He joined the Webster Society the second week of his college life, and was their president one term. The Class "dairy Ruben" has made no great demonstrations, but has tried to win the love and good fellowship of his classmates, and at last hopes to be a happy, congenial, good-natured farmer, whose doors will ever be open to his classmates.



Nora Reed

IN the year 1875, Leonora May Reed appeared upon the scene of action in Lycoming County, Pennsylvania. At the tender age of five she removed with her parents to Northern Illinois. From there she migrated to the grasshopper State in the winter term of 1896, and has been attending the great institution of learning, known as the K. S. A. C. Here she spent two years of valuable time. She was a member of the Alpha Beta Society, of which she was president in the fall of 1897. Her drawings appear in this book, and she predicts her destiny as old maid artist.



R. H. Brown

THE subject of this sketch was born May 25, 1876, in the beautiful town of Springfield, Mo., where Drury College is situated. When about five years of age, his parents moved to Leavenworth, Kan., where he was sent to a private school, and also studied music; later he went to public school. In 1892 he graduated from the Kansas Conservatory of Music, and in 1893 from public schools. After visiting the World's Fair his parents moved to Manhattan, where he entered college in the fall of 1893, and is now a candidate for graduation with the Class of '98.



Olive M. Thelmer

IN the Sunflower State, one winter morn,
A little Kansas maid was born.
With eyes of brown, and hair the same,
Olive M. was this baby's name.
Her home was in a valley small,
Which the Indians did Manhattan call.
At seven she to school did go,
To learn to read and write just so.
To New York in '88 she went,
And a year and a half there spent.
To the old school on the cross-road,
Many a day she slowly trod.
And mid Nature so gay and bright,
She got a glimpse of country life.
'Twas the winter of '93,
That she entered K. A. C.
In college orchestra, the best,
Her violin bowed with the rest.
With her junior and senior mates,
She gave her speech from the chapel stage.
And with the Class of '98,
It is her fate to graduate.
All history of her, so old!
Is by her education told.
And what her future life shall be,
We must, with her, all wait and see.



Henry Rogler

HENRY WILLIAM ROGLER, born March 12, 1877, is a native Kansan. His father, however, came from Saxony, Germany, and settled in Chase County in 1859, being one of the first settlers, while his mother is a Hoosier. The first few years of his life were spent in a log house, and in attendance at the common country schools. In the fall of 1894, he entered college as a Freshman, and now completes his course, with especial proficiency in the line of agriculture. Henceforth, he will be known as general farmer and stock-raiser on a central Kansas ranch.



Anna V. Haisor

IN blustering March, in seventy-nine,
When Kansas zephyrs ruffle your mind,
A crying baby made it known
That she must reign, and she alone.
The name of this infant you all will see,
Was destined to be plain Anna V.
For many weeks her cries went up,
Till finally she was forced to stop.
Her parents moved, when she was three,
To Washington, so here you see
Her first school days were spent,
When at ten to Kansas she was sent.
For five long years to school was her fate,
And in '94, proud as a cock, she did graduate.
Then it was she began to climb the college hill,
And she has climbed and is climbing still.
But when this June we all shall see
From college days she will be free.
With the Class of '98 so honored,
She will be one of the graduates numbered.
This is all I can give of her history—
Her future is at present a mystery.



A. B. Symm

BORN of American parents December 7, 1875, and grew up on a farm near Brenner, Doniphan County, Kansas. Was early taught that to work was not a disgrace and was called into active service when large enough to carry water to the harvest hands or to go to pasture for the cows. My early schooling was that of a country schoolboy's experiences at a district school. Entered K. S. A. C. in fall of 1892. Although very irregular in the course, have climbed from "Prep" to Senior and now can look to those who have rendered aid and instruction with esteemed pleasure and thankfulness. The K. S. A. C., college friendships and associations to me are dear and lasting. The future is yet untold, but to farm is my desire. The farm has many attractions for me and bid fair to happiness and prosperity. Hurrah for the Class of '98.



Mary Louise Finley

MARY LOUISE FINLEY, was born on College Hill where she has lived nearly a quarter of a century within hearing of the old college bell. Her life has been quiet, but yet pleasant. She has enjoyed a little excitement in the way of a summer in the East, and a trip to the World's Fair. She is very fond of music, drawing, painting and cooking. Little praise can be given her for accomplishments or good looks, yet one good word may be said for her, she never chews gum.



Wm Poole

THE subject of this sketch was born on a farm in Geary County, Kansas, November 30, 1874. He has from that time lived on the same farm and still enjoys the quaint life of a farmer. His education began in a district school at the age of about five years. In the fall of 1893 he entered K. A. C., as a "Prep;" with the exception of two terms his college course has been continuous. He is a true and loyal member of the Hamilton Society.



Harriet Grace Nichols.

THIS "Hawkeye" was born one cold December day, 1878. At three she moved to Missouri. At this age she resembled herself so much—being called by both of her given names, Hattie and Grace that people could not tell her apart. At ten she was taken to a Southwestern Kansas "flat" where she aimed high, grew upward some, but fell just short of the five-foot mark. Here she gained a wide-country and a country-wide reputation for her application to her studies and for her mental achievements. This solid foundation has enabled her to complete the K. A. C., course of study in three years and to stand among the first in her class.

S. N.



G. D. Hulett

IN January, 1874, a cold day and a warm boy met and exchanged courtesies. The cold day was succeeded by other days. The warm boy became warmer—it showed in his hair. Grew up. Studied a little, shirked a little. Thought he would be a farmer, so he started in the Farmer's College with the Class of '95 and attended one year. Adverse circumstances compelled him to leave his schooling for three years. He then entered the Sophomore Class in the fall of 1895 and stayed with it 'till graduation, when he sank into oblivion. At last accounts he was still at large.



Cora Thackrey.

IN 1876, Cora Gertrude Thackrey was born in the pleasant little spot known as Tabor Valley, about ten miles east of Manhattan. Her early childhood was spent on a farm, but in 1884 her parents moved to College Hill where she has lived ever since, with the exception of three years that she was away at school. Her life has been one of pleasant duties with very little excitement. She is a graduate of the Kansas City High School, and counts History and Literature her favorite studies.



H. A. Martin.

H. A. MARTIN was born in the United States of America, State of Kansas, County of Riley, in the farmhouse of his parents. His entire life has been spent on the farm—he is a farmer, pure and simple, by trade as well as by gift; the son of a veteran, and of German descent. A member of the Alpha Beta Society, and ever a faithful worker, in both class and society he now concludes his college work, and with his classmates, now takes up his life's work.



Elsie L. Waters.

ELSIE WATERS was born in the State of West Virginia, during the latter part of the Nineteenth Century. When three years of age she came with her parents to Kansas, where she lived on a farm until coming to the K. S. A. C, which she entered at the age of seventeen. She entered the Junction City public schools at the age of seven, and after spending one term there, her parents moved farther away from the city, so she completed her early education under the direction of the "jolly old pedagogues" in the country schools. Her life so far, has been uneventful. After graduation she hopes to enter the teachers' profession for a time; further, her future is uncertain.



A.D. Whipple

ABNER DAVIS WHIPPLE was born August, 19, 1875, on a farm in the broad, rich valley of the Miama, near Preston, Hamilton County, Ohio, within a few miles of Cincinnati. When he was three years old his parents moved from the Buckeye State to the broad and free prairies of Kansas. Thirteen years was spent near Ottawa, Franklin County, and the remainder at Olivet, Osage County, where his parents still reside. Between the ages of seven and sixteen, as is usual with farmers' boys during the winter months he attended a country school. The uneventfulness of this period of his life is proven by the fact that he never was "thrashed" at school. He entered the Kansas State Agricultural College in the winter term of 1895, and excepting one term, has attended continuously since. His plans for the future are indefinite but he hopes to continue his studies.



Bertha Ingman

THE original of the above picture emerged January 4, 1894, from the gloom of obscure existence, and began to shine in the constellation of the immortal "stars of 1897." Her light, however, was eclipsed before they completed their cycle, and she became a member of the celebrated and illustrious "Kold Biskit Klub"—joining in 1898.

The ranks of the "green and great"
With whom she hopes to graduate,



R. H. Pond

BORN, Topeka, Kansas, March 3, 1875. Completed the work required in Topeka public schools, graduating from High School, February, 1894. After six months' recreation on a farm entered K. S. A. C., September, 1894, spending four consecutive years and completing the work required for Bachelor's and Master's degree.



Corra E. Ewalt

THE night was cold, the wind blew higher and higher,
And a block away was an enormous fire;
On the Second of February, 1880 was the year,
A baby came its parents' hearts to cheer,
With eyes of deepest blue and temper haughty
This baby girl could often act quite naughty,
For two bright years in Wakeny she did stay,
And then to Manhattan they took her away.
She attended school, when she was eight,
And never a morning was she late.
At school she learned with them all
To play leap-frog and help at foot ball.
She went to this Manhattan school
Where many a time she did break the rule.
In 1890 to Ohio traveled she
And many a sight here did she see.
In 1894 her course at K. A. C. began,
To tell of her botany trips I never can.
Now 'tis 1898 and with many a friend
Her bright school days must have an end.
You all know her as well as me
Can you guess what her future life will be?



T. W. Allison

THOMAS WALTER ALLISON was born May 3, 1874, near Florence, Marion County, Kansas. Spent his boyhood days among the sunflowers and grasses on a Kansas farm. Nothing wonderful has happened to him during his life. Graduated from the County High School in 1893, after which he welded the "Hickory" for two years. Tired of such an occupation he packed up his belongings and entered the K. S. A. C. in the fall of 1895; was a member of the Webster Society, of which he was president during the fall of 1897. Completed his college work in the Agricultural course.



Josephine Hannah Wilder

JOSEPHINE HANNAH WILDER, member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Alpha Beta Society and Class of '98, created a sensation among the white population by her advent into the city of Manhattan, Kan., August 22, 1879. When two years of age, she took her sister and parents on an extended trip to the Atlantic Coast, from Boston to Washington. Starting so early in life on her travels, developed in this young child a marvelous love for history and literature, and it is predicted that she will end her career as a professor in these studies at Harvard Annex or Wellesley—if she does not do something else. She graduated from the high school at the age of fourteen, much to the gratification of her teachers. In college, honors were heavy, as she served as marshal in class one term, and was elected to same office in society; was society poet, and is poet of Class of '98. Short in patience and stature, red hair, blue eyes, sweet, low voice, a girl beloved by all—especially by her professor in hygiene.



C. P. King

IN Columbus, Kansas, we will say,
On November the 2d and 20th day.
Of Centennial year in '76
The birth of C. P. King we fix.

He lived and thrived there until seven,
Then in two other Kansas towns till he was eleven.
In Texas now three years he stayed,
Then in Arkansas his home was made.

For school, to Little Rock one year he went,
The rest of his time round a saw mill spent.
We hear of him but little more,
Till he entered college in '94.

Four happy years at coll he spent,
Raising a rumpus wherever he went.
Skipping class, or coming late,
He graduated in '98.



Cassie Dille

ONE day there arrived in a certain farm house in eastern Kansas a very small maiden, who became known as Cassie Dille. Of her earliest years she remembers very little, but she remembers well the later years, the greater part of which were spent in the old stone schoolhouse, a short half mile away. She obtained her diploma after a time, and with this passport entered college with the Class of '98. Truly, her lines have been cast in pleasant places, but as yet she has done nothing very remarkable.



H. Menke

MR. MENKE was born at Pittsburg, Pa., on July 29, 1874. The first years of his existence were uninteresting, *i.e.*, to himself. When five years of age he migrated—at the suggestion of his parents—to Garden City, Kan. He thrived nicely (from a physical standpoint) in this "short grass" country, excepting that the frequent drouth caused some irregular, local growths, eminently noticeable on his photograph. He entered the K. S. A. C. in the fall of 1894. The class could hardly have gotten along without George and his camera, and numerous trips and parties are perpetuated by his art. Future—unpromising—he hopes to survive the Spanish-American War.



Ruth J. Spoke

IN sunny Kansas, rich with corn,
A little Jayhawker was born.
Her home was in the great "Kaw Bend,"
Where Nature did enchantment lend.
To school, of course, she early went,
Because, she by her "Dad" was sent.
Her early education, fraught
With that which country "school marm's" taught.
Later to Rochester, N. Y., she went,
Where all her life would have been spent.
But fate destined it should not be,
So back she came to K. A. C.
A pedagog she then became,
And children, three years, feared her name.
While she taught in the city school,
The children feared to break a rule.
And then again to college went,
On higher education bent.
With the dear Ios she loved to be,
Sweet memories they give to K. A. C.
Now with the Class of '98,
She has the honor to graduate.
What fate intends her life to be,
No one knows, not even she.



Henry M. Thomas

HENRY MARSDEN THOMAS was born March 29, 1872, at the little town of Ellenboro, Wis. At the tender age of six months, he was induced to accompany his parents to Clark County, Iowa, where he lived till seven years of age. In 1879, the family moved to Osage City, and in 1881 took up their residence near Melvern, Osage County, Kansas, where young Henry grew into 6 ft. and $\frac{3}{4}$ inches of noble manhood, and in the meantime achieved great fame as a schoolboy orator. He entered the K. A. C., January, 1893, and attended two terms; reentered September, 1894, and attended constantly till his graduation, June, 1898. He is now anxiously and expectantly looking for an opportunity to enter the world as a literary, military or married man.

F.



Mae Moore

MAE MOORE was born at Philadelphia, Pa., April 5, 1877. When she was but two years old the family moved to Kansas, settling in Manhattan. Here in the course of time she began her education with the children of the neighborhood, at the public school. As a school girl, her life was uneventful, her vacations spent mostly in boating or skating, in consequence of which she was more than once snatched from the waters of the Blue. In the fall of 1893 she entered the K. S. A. C., attending for a year and a half, at which time home duties compelled her to stop school. Returning the next fall she took up the work once more, graduating with the Class of '98.



E. L. Smith

E. L. SMITH was born July 13, 1873, in Hunting County, Pennsylvania. In 1878 he moved to Ottawa County, Kansas. Here he attended the district school in the winter, while in the summer he plowed corn, hoed potatoes, and raised watermelons. He came to Manhattan with his parents in 1891, that he with his brothers and sisters might enjoy the superior school advantages. After two years at the K. S. A. C. he taught the Lake school, District No. 77, in Riley County, Kansas. Returning to college in 1896, he took up the work with the Class of '98, remaining with them until time of graduation.



Alice Maude Melton.

THE year 1876 is noted for several great events, among which were the Centennial Exposition, the admission of Colorado, and in a log cabin, among the great pine woods of Northern Michigan, the birth of the subject of this sketch. Until her ninth year, she remained in this Northern home, and then with her parents she came to Kansas, after a summer among Canadian scenes, and Manhattan has since been her home. At the age of nine she began active school life, which continued in district schools until 1892. In 1894 she entered K. S. A. C. with the Class of '98, and has been in college four college years, during which time the Ionian Society enrolled her as member.



G. F. Farley.

DOWN in Osage County, in the valley of the historic Marias des Cygnes River, is the home of Guy Farley. There is perhaps no more fertile or beautiful region in Kansas; certainly not, in the eyes of our subject, for thus far in life he has removed but a very short distance from his birthplace, and even now expresses a determination to remain amid those surroundings and work out his life's destiny. G. F. Farley was born at Melvern, Osage County, Kansas, February 18, 1875; entered college in September, 1893, attending continuously that year and the next, but was forced by illness to discontinue college work for the year of 1895-6, taking instead an excursion to the Pacific Coast. He re-entered in September, 1896, and now graduates—a leader in his class. The writer has watched him develop from a bare-foot school boy, with a sun-burned nose, into a dignified college Senior, and now reluctantly consigns him to the tender mercies of a heartless world

H. M. T.



Adelaide Frances Wilder.

JUST a century before the heroine of our sketch, Adelaide Frances Wilder, put in her appearance at Manhattan, Kan., August 1, 1877, her great grandfather was at the battle of Bennington; he also served as a "Minute Man" at Lexington. Much to the grief of her younger sister, she developed at an early age the generalship of her ancestor, and considering the material she had to work upon in training her sister, she achieved as great a victory as her illustrious ancestor. In 1893 she took her family to the World's Fair, where she invested all her small change in chameleons and Tiffany diamonds, which, going up on her hands, enabled her to graduate from the high school so as to enter college with the Class of '98. She is a great lover of music and expects to take post graduate work as soon as possible. As can be seen by her picture, she is plain looking; black hair, black eyes, short, stout, haughty in manner, but cordial to all she meets.



F. J. Rumold

F. J. RUMOLD was born in Southeast Dickinson County, July 12, 1874. He is of German descent, and early exhibited marked traits of character, showing great propensities for whooping cough and "swiping" watermelons when yet a tender youth. Until the age of nineteen, he spent his spare moments in attendance at school—eight years in the country, three in town. To college he came in the fall of 1894; soon became a loyal Alpha Beta, ever took his part in class duties and pleasures, and now graduates in the engineering course.



Mary Mune

THE subject of this sketch was born October 8, 1877, sixteen miles north of Manhattan. This little Jayhawker has always lived in Kansas, and to her present knowledge, always will live here. She went to a country school until she was eleven years old, and then came with her family to Manhattan, where she attended the grammar and high schools. In 1893 she entered college, and having stayed out of college in 1894, she had to graduate with the Class of '98. Her present plans are rather hazy, but she will do her best not to let this be the last you hear of her.



Emmett W. Hoffman

1876. —Born at Enterprise, Kan., on April 18.
 1884.—Went to New Orleans and attended the Cotton Exhibition.
 1891 —Went to Europe, returned after a three months' visit.
 1893 —Went to the World's Fair at Chicago, and attended Baker University at Baldwin, Kan.
 1894.—Came to Manhattan to attend K. S. A. C. Spent the summer at Colorado Springs.
 1895.—Returned to school.
 1896.—Participated in the great commencement scrap.
 1897.—Came back to school, and for a wonder did not have any trouble.
 1898.—Graduated ; then hopes to go to war.



Inga J. Dahl.

ACCORDING to authentic information, Inga Josephine Dahl is supposed to have been born in 1877 A. D. Being of a very quiet nature her classmates know very little of her early life. She became a student of the Kansas State Agricultural College in the fall of 1893, attending for three years, then for one year she found it necessary to drop out of classes. Returning the next year she resumed her studies with the Class of '98. She is naturally very bright and energetic and has but one aim and object in life, to graduate at the K. S. A. C., and then—all is uncertainty.



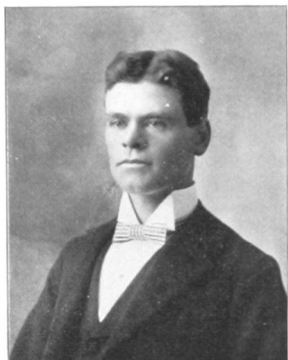
Earl Butterfield

THE subject of this "epistle" landed in Marshall County, Kansas, in the year 1875 A. D., between the first of January and the thirty-first of December. After spending six years as a house plant, ten years tormenting country schoolma'ams and working on the farm, one year in a high school and two more years "hay seeding," he entered college at the K. S. A. C., in the fall of 1894 where he spent the greater part of four years, graduating in the spring of 1898.



Gertrude E. Rhodes

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH RHODES claims her native place, Russel, Kansas, of which town she became a citizen on February 1, 1879. After a few years, however, Manhattan became her home, and in the fall of 1894, she cast her lot with the ninety-eighters and with the Ionians, as well. During the four years, music has been her chief study, and it is her intention to devote her time to it after graduation. Judging by her past work in this line, we can safely predict sure success to her in her chosen work.



Will L. Hale.

I WAS born in humble circumstances in Missouri in the panic-stricken year of 1873. I outlived the panic, a few years later escaped from Missouri, and made strenuous efforts to break terms with the "humble circumstances." A few successes have been made, some friends gained, here and there an enemy found. Many lessons have been learned that I expect to be of value in the future, and certain hopes have been acquired which appear to be rational, and which I intend to follow.



Junie Parks

JUNIE PARKS dates her existence upon this terrestrial sphere, from March 25, 1876, when she made her first appearance at her father's house in Burke County, North Carolina. Here she lived until some two years of age, when her parents removed to Manhattan, Kansas, which has since been her home. Her early education was acquired in a country school near home, and in the fall of 1894, her college career began, and is now completed, without a break. In height, she measures five feet six inches; weight, one hundred and twenty pounds; blue eyes; light brown hair.



Oliver R. Smith

OLIVER R. SMITH was born January 8, 1878, in Manhattan, Kansas. At the age of eight he entered the city schools of Manhattan, where he was remarkable for nothing in particular. He was not by any means a "crack-a-jack" at marbles, was only ordinarily good at "foot-and-a-half," and he always did receive less than his share of the whale-bone. Having finished the Manhattan Grammar School course, Oliver entered college at the age of fourteen. He went two years with the Class of '96, staid out two years teaching and working at the carpenter's trade, and then returned to graduate from the Engineering Course with the Class of '98.



Amy C. Johnson

SHE was born on the Illinois' plain
In the glorious old Centennial year;
But left that land of Nation's brain,
To come to the land of waving grain,
To "Russell-Success," and fortune here.

She roamed o'er prairies wild and wide
'Till her cheeks were tanned a russet brown;
Then rose a longing, and a pride
And she threw this free, wild life aside
And went to school in the country town.

This made her ambition higher still
To see the banner of truth unfurled
So she came to the fount on College Hill,
Of its sparkling waters drank her fill,
And now is prepared to face the world.

G. F. F.



W. E. Hardy

W. E. HARDY was born June 18, 1873, on a farm four miles west of the college. He was an unusually stubborn child. He attended country school nine winters, and was "flayed" on an average every two weeks. Owing to his close connection with the college, at an early date he manifested an eager appetite for learning and determined to be a graduate. He entered college in the fall of 1890. He went one term, re-entering the next fall he attended two years, excepting one term. He spent the next three years at home applying "first principles" in agriculture. In the fall of 1896 he joined the Class of '98.

The Sons of War

And it came to pass in the reign of William, whose surname is McKinley, a feeling of dissatisfaction among the many tribes of the world.

Now those that were of the tribe of "Don" became smart and thought they would play it right, and blew up the Maine for the tribe of Samuel

Samuel had lived in peace for many years and had grown large and waxed strong, and he lifted up his eyes and behold, he saw those of the tribe of Cuba were oppressed and trodden upon by the sons of Don.

And Samuel opened his mouth and spake unto the sons of Don, and said, "Verily, I say unto you, you must leave the island before another week has passed, or I will give thee a great whipping."

But the sons of Don were vain and proud, and would not heed the advice of Samuel. So William the ruler of the tribe of Samuel spake unto the people of the land and said, "Sure, this vagrant boy must be punished," and the people all rose in a body and said, "Amen."

And there was a man in the tribe of Samuel who was brave and valiant, and he said, "Let me go to sea, even to Manila, and I will teach the sons of Don not to be disobedient."

And William the ruler said unto him, "Well said; go, and do as thou hast planned." And on the first day of the fifth month of the year of trouble, 1898, Dewey did meet the tribe of Don upon the Great Sea.

And the tribe of Don arrayed themselves against the tribe of Samuel, and a fierce and prolonged battle ensued. It began at the rising of the sun and lasted unto the third hour. And of the tribe of Don the slaughter was great and could not be determined, but of the sons of Samuel not one did perish.

Now among the sons of Samuel of the family of Jayhawkers were two brave sons, and their desire to serve their country was great.

The oldest of these sons is Henry, whose surname is Thomas. He would not be satisfied with less than a taste of Don's blood. So he spake unto the ruler and said, "Let me go to Cuba and I will lead a band of Jayhawkers, and surely I will help teach the Dons a lesson." And the ruler said, "Thou hast well spoken; come."

And the younger is Abner, whose surname is Whipple, said, "I will go with Thomas, and I will fight and die with him."

Now when the people heard that two of their brave sons were gone, there was great lamentations among the class of that family, for they did have great liking for those brave boys.

And now these brave sons are gone, even to Cuba, and here the Dons will be served even as they were at Manila.

Society Roll

WEBSTERS

T. W. ALLISON	J. A. CONOVER	S. NICHOLS	J. M. PIERCE	A. B. SYMNS
E. C. BUTTERFIELD	J. M. HARVEY	E. B. PATTEN	W. T. POPE	FRED ZIMMERMAN

HAMILTONS

J. W. ADAMS	A. D. WHIPPLE	M. W. SANDERSON
S. J. ADAMS	W. L. HALL	F. YEOMAN
WM. ANDERSON	W. E. HARDY	E. L. SMITH
A. L. FROWE	W. POOLE	O. R. SMITH
C. P. KING	H. W. ROGLER	H. M. THOMAS
G. F. FARLEY	F. D. WATERS	G. G. MENKE

IONIANS

HOPE BRADY	JEANETTE PERRY	BESSIE LOCK	INGA DAHL
EMMA DOLL	MARY MINIS	ALICE MELTON	ANNA DAHL
EMILIE PFUETZE	OLIVE LONG	GERTIE RHODES	ARY JOHNSON
MINNIE COPELAND	JESSIE BAYLESS	BERTHA SPOHR	HATTIE NICHOLS

ALPHA BETA

H. A. MARTIN	G. D. HULETT	JOSEPHINE WILDER	CASSIE DILLE
HARRIET THACKREY	NORA REED	W. A. McCULLOUGH	MARY FINLEY
ELSIE WATERS	FLORENCE MARTIN	BERTHA INGMAN	F. J. RUMOLD
LUCY COTTRELL	INEZ MANCHESTER	CORA THACKREY	ADELAIDE WILDER





PROGRAMME

PIANO DUET—"Caprice Heroique"	Kontski
GERTRUDE RHODES—CORA E. EWALT	
PRAYER	NORA M. REED
SALUTATORY	PRES. ERNEST B. PATTEN
VOCAL TRIO	Selected
EMILIE PFUETZE—C. JEANETTE PERRY—BERTHA SPOHR	
ADDRESS—"Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow"	G. F. FARLEY
VIOLIN SOLO—"Ballad et Polonaise"	Vieuxtemps
R. H. BROWN	
POEM	JOSEPHINE H. WILDER
CLASS SONG	{ Words by Hattie G. Nichols Music by Cora E. Ewalt
HISTORY AND PROPHECY	T. W. ALLISON
VOCAL DUET—"Oh, That We Two Were Maying"	Smith
EMILIE PFUETZE—A. L. FROWE	
PRESENTATION SPEECH	EMMETT V. HOFFMAN
POLKA—"La Tipica"	Curti
SENIOR MANDOLIN CLUB	
VALEDICTORY	G. D. HULETT
MALE QUARTETTE—"Farewell"	{ E. B. PATTEN E. V. HOFFMAN A. L. FROWE O. R. SMITH

Class Song

O, when in after years we ponder
Over happy days gone all,
First among those days we'll number
Those we spent at dear old Coll.
From the walls of mem'ry's gallery
Look the classmates, all so dear,
Precious, precious, are these friendships,
And these ivy walls ne'er sere.

Happy, happy, days we spent there,
In our home upon the hill.
With the lovéd Alma Mater—
Brothers—sisters—so dear still.
Sad, indeed, the day we leave thee,
But we'll hope 'tis not for aye,
And will never once forget thee,
But will cherish thee alway.

CHORUS.—The dear old Coll, the dear old Coll,
And the Class of '98 ;
Let the two e'er stand together,
Emblems of the good and great,
'98 ! '98 !

CLASS SONG.

Words by HATTIE GRACE NICHOLS.

Music by CORA EWALT.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The score includes a key signature change from two flats to one flat (B-flat) in the final measure.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece is divided into four measures, each containing a repeat sign. The melody features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, while the accompaniment uses chords and single notes.

CHORUS.

3/4

The musical score for the chorus is written in 3/4 time. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature. The music consists of several measures, including a 3/4 time signature change. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings such as 'f' (forte) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The score is presented in a standard musical notation format with a single system of two staves.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of B-flat major (two flats). The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Yesterday; To-Day; To-Morrow

Yesterday, to-day and to-morrow ! We can scarcely grasp the full significance of these words. Embodied in them is the whole world of the present. Yes, and infinitely more ; we see in them the all-embracing chronology of the eternal universe.

Yesterday ! What is yesterday ? The past is but a receding succession of yesterdays. Every day that our world has known has gone by the way of yesterday into the dark recesses of the dimly remembered past.

To-day ! To-day is all we can ever see. We live, we think, we move to-day. To-day is life and all its possibilities. We reckon the duration of existence by years and by centuries, but eternity must be lived out as to-day.

To-morrow ! We know not what it means. To-morrow seems always within our reach, but is never here. We look out over the boundless infinitude of the future and see every day as a to-morrow. We live, we hope, we build and store for that uncertain, half dreaded future which we call to-morrow. We reach forward and try to grasp the morrow, but it escapes us and comes into our hands as the eternal, the material to-day. We grapple with the to-day, but it eludes our grasp, and leaving its mark upon the new to-day, passes on to yesterday, material no longer, but existing only as a memory.

What have these to-morrows, that have dawned into to-days, and passed into the never-ending yesterdays, brought and left for the human race ? Every day of the existence of our world sees us advance in enlightenment ; gives us a truer idea of life and its relations to the universe. We know that prehistoric man was but little above the thoughtless brutes about him ; that his mind could not conceive the relations of the simple objects at his very hand ; and that he knew not how to utilize the materials and the forces that nature laid at his very door, even though they were in their finished forms and waited only for the touch of his hand.

Yesterday man was striking out blindly in the darkness, in search of that which man's nature demands—a God to worship, a God to love. To-day men have discerned and are turning their eyes toward that light of eternal truth, but they have not yet emerged far enough from the darkness to realize that they are all gazing at the same light from separate points of view, and so they carry on their bitter warfare with each other, each knowing that he is right, but blindly assuming that all others are wrong. To-morrow the darkness will be dispelled, and as man stands forth in the light of full revelation, he will be able to see his true relation to God, to his fellow-men, and to the universe. Then he will not be asked if his religion agrees with yours or mine. He will not be asked to serve God according to any creed laid down by other men, but he will be judged upon the questions: Was he truthful, honorable, pure? Did he live up to his belief? Did he follow his conscience as his guide to his God?

Yesterday; To-day; To-morrow. What a world of meaning these words convey! Yesterday: We can see it vividly in our memories. We see many mistakes and many experiences by which we may profit. Many of us, perhaps, wish that we might live it over again, but it is gone forever. To-day: Ever present; always changing; never the same. We can see it, grasp it, utilize it, but cannot stop it. As the never-pausing thread of time is reeled by us and disappears into the dark realms of the past, never to return, we realize what a fleeting, uncertain quantity is to-day. Only a moment, but forever present. To-morrow: We peer into the impenetrable darkness and try to discern what the next day will bring forth. We compare the days that have gone, and from past experience try to prepare ourselves for the morrow, to avoid the clouds and enjoy the sunshine. But the sunshine does not always come as expected. Clouds prepared for, often do not appear. By preparation we may modify the results of to-morrow, but they cannot be avoided.

The present is all we have to deal with. We may pattern after the past; prepare for the future; but if we fully live the present our life's work is performed, and we shall be able to say: "I am proud of yesterday; I am master of to-day; I am prepared for to-morrow."

Class Poem

The Class of '98, at this its last meeting,
Brings its motto to you with its farewell greeting ;
" Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long,"
We've repeated in our Class, we have sung in our song.

We wish we could bring you a cargo of fruit
To lay at your feet with our final salute ;
But our boats are empty, as from different seas we meet,
To launch on life's ocean our little College fleet.

The familiar life—how bright it now seems,
As the past four years come only in dreams.
'Twas like the sweet spring-time, when each one hailed
His classmate, as down life's brooklet he sailed.
The blue-bird came with its home-sick note,
Sobbing, "Bermuda," in its tiny throat ;
The robin-red-breast chirped in great glee ;
The cat-bird, oriole, and chick-a-dee
Played games with the thrushes from tree to tree ;
The blue-jay scolded and said he was one
Who never played games till his work was done ;
The sparrows chirped under the old church eaves ;
The violet nestled among its leaves.

'Twas the spring of our lives on that gladsome day,
When we launched our boats only four years away.
But the days crept on with Araby's breeze,
Bringing sweet perfume from blossoming trees ;

And the moon-marked moths flitted in and out,
As though weaving a web as they flew about ;
The humming-bird came with its magic spell ;
The lark soared aloft its story to tell ;
The mocking-bird came with delirious fun,
Like a drunk lord in the gown of a nun,
Stole the ripe cherries and laughed in our face,
As he looked at the scare-crow up in its place.
Nature was telling with murmuring sound
That summer had come with a joyous bound.

Those first College days ! We'll never forget.
Those visions of greatness ! We see them yet.
" Excelsior " the motto ; banner in hand !
" Still higher ! " cried teachers. We heard the command.
We took the banner, with " the strange device,"
And looked toward that mountain covered with ice,
And saw there the youth so dauntless and bold,
With his hand reaching out, though lifeless and cold,
Holding that banner, still waving in air,
With " Excelsior " as the brave youth's prayer.
Each young student caught the spirit of strife ;
Each thought he would take that motto for life.
But College once entered we wiser were grown ;
We turned from that motto as not being our own.
How foolish and useless to " climb " and to " climb,"
And when the height gained, then only to find
A place covered o'er with snow and with ice,
And simply a banner " with its strange device."

Miscellaneous

To-day is all that she can see ;
The past can't touch this modern maid ;
While other minds are in B. C.,
In A. D. all her thoughts are laid.



“ Please find yourselves as soon as possible.”



“ This sounds like a market place. You must
not vistle.”



Brick top,
Sober face,
Funny as can be.



“ Water isn't a good thing to stand on.”



“ He has a large juicy heart, like a watermelon.”

Prof.—“ Define a snow-line.”

Student—“ Where the supply equals the demand.”



I was Mother Campbell's “ comfort,”
Whate'er she said I'd do (?)
My brother is the “ Prof. of Ag.,”
And I'm his sister Lu.



“ There is a time to embrace and a time not to
embrace.”



Some girls call me Peggy ;
And some girls call me Pat ;
I don't know why they do it,
Unless 'tis 'cause I'm fat.

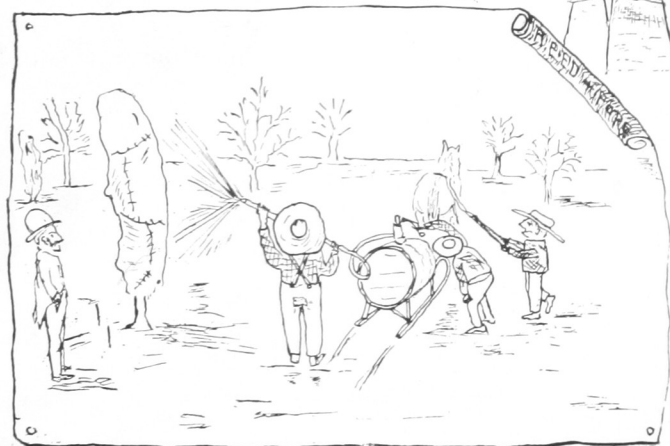
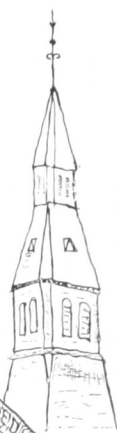


“ Library Paste.”



"You might as well take it
easy, boys."

P. M.
Days.



FEEDING



There goes the ben!!

Encyclopedium Classei

Number in the Class.

Freshman	276
Sophomore ..	121
Junior.....	84
Senior.....	69

From 11 States.

49 from the farm.
19 cityites.
1 just dropped down.

When Entered.

In 1889.....	2
1890.....	1
1891.....	4
1892.....	8
1893.....	20
1894.....	27
1895.....	6
1896.....	1

Political Belief.

Republicans	26
Populists	15
Democrats.....	9
Independent.....	7
Socialists	2
Non-partisan.....	7
On the fence.....	1

Nationalities Represented.

American	38
English.....	10
German	9
Danish, Swedish, Scotch, French, Irish, etc.	

Church Members.

Methodists.....	13
Baptists	4
Christians.....	6
Presbyterians	3
Congregational.....	3

Society Members.

Websters	10
Ionians.....	16
Alpha Betas.....	16
Hamiltons.....	18

Total Age of Class.....1535 yrs.

Youngest	17 yrs.
Oldest.....	28 yrs.
Average age.....	22 yrs..

Total Weight.....9586 lbs.

Heaviest	184 lbs.
Lightest	92 lbs.
Average.....	138.8 lbs.

Total Length.....387 ft.

Tallest.....	6 ft. 2½ in.
Shortest ...	5 ft.
Average.....	5 ft. 7½ in.

4 use tobacco.
22 chew gum, occasionally.
19 use tea.
30 use coffee.

Favorite Professor is Olin.
Favorite Dish, Ice Cream.

21 are self-supporting.
19 are partially so.

Intended Occupations.

Farming	10
Teaching	10
Horticulture.....	4
Lawyers,	
Journalists,	
Housekeepers,	
Physicians,	
Mechanics,	
Civil Engineers,	
Dancing Teachers,	
Literary Men,	
Photographers,	
1 Horse-thief, and	
27 undecided.	



We no longer "stood with reluctant feet"
At the place "where the brook and the river meet,"
For we were Soph'mores, and gave a bold glance
From the brooklet we'd left, to the river's expanse.
But we're now not so wise. We look forth with fear,
To the darksome stream that is rushing so near.
We look back with longing to that standing place,
Where so many students, with eager pace,
Hoped to become giants in only four years;
Hoped to conquer the world, its joys and its fears;
Hoped to be men of strength, able to stand
Shoulder to shoulder, or hand in hand,
In the battle of life, with the noble and true,
Ready to plan, to dare and to do.

Only four years—such a wee bit of life.
Four years of work, of pleasure, of strife;
Four years of hope, of gladness, of fun;
Only four years together; and now it is done.
Four years of soft winds, bright clouds and blue skies,
Our dear College life, now finished it lies.
We had mountains to climb when we did our best,
Vales of humiliation—in them we were blest
The flowers and sunshine, and, oh, "Lover's Lane!"
We had shadows and clouds; we had mists and rain.
There's many a word we sadly regret;
There's many a deed we'd like to forget;
There's many a task we've left undone,
Thinking it a battle that could not be won.

These we leave to the Class of '99,
And hope they'll profit by these words of mine.
We leave them, also, our courage and zeal;
We leave them sweet messages for their weal.
But all the years through—what a wonderful past—
We've had no quarrel, from first to last.
So there's no "spade" to hide; no "caps and gowns."
With us it's been sunshine, so we've no frowns
To pass to Juniors to darken their light;
We've only kind words for Juniors to-night,
We leave no "cold biscuits;"—one piece of cake,
Who to your Class added honors will make.
To the Junior, in whose vision there gleams
The purple and gold of a Senior's dreams,
We leave them all these, for we've had dreams enough,
We go to a life made of sterner stuff.

To our teachers we bid a fond adieu,
No more you'll puzzle us, nor we surprise you.
To the teachers who helped us our boats to steer,
Through the first three years of our College career,
We send kind greeting and most cordial cheer.
But to each and all, who, through our College days,
Guided us happily in Wisdom's ways,
We give a salute, as we leave the shore,
Our ears now deafened by the ocean's roar.
The past and the present drift like a dream;
An ocean has grown from a gliding stream.
We've been taught so to live, that we may keep
Our hearts from fainting and our souls from sleep.

Yet, if in years to come, we fail to gain
Credit or honor as we cross the main,
Call out to the wanderer, across the years,
Renew his courage, dispel his fears.
But we hope where'er you one of us meet,
You'll proudly remember the "'98 Fleet."

To familiar scenes we wish to give
A farewell thought, for no more shall we live
Among them ; on them no more our vision falls.
No more shall we hear, when stopping in the halls,
" Pass along !" For we shall have passed forever ;
As students of one Class shall we be never.
Farewell, orchestra, where we learned to bow
The violin to your horror, or cornet to blow.
Farewell, Societies. To you our hearts bend,
For there have we made many a life-long friend.
The library, too, we've only to look
Into the mind and see every nook
Where *others* crammed, by hook or crook.

Farewell to the " soup-house," greenhouse, armory,
These are no longer ours, but a memory.
Farewell to the Campus, where the cadet's tread
Has sounded like children rushing to bed.
Farewell to the band whose soft dreamy note,
Like chimes of the Angelus forever will float
In mem'ry. Farewell to the trees, the flowers, the sky,
Farewell to old glory, floating on high.
To the College farewell, 'tis our sweetheart we find,
As we go from her walls and leave her behind,

We will sing her a song as our fleet trims its sail,
And we go from her harbor with soft blowing gale.
The sad song is sung by every one,
And all '98 with each other vie
To sing strongest and clearest, "Sweetheart, good-bye."

Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye.
Life looks gay and friends are many,
Hope is strong and cares not any,
Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye.

Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye.
College class, of boy and maiden,
Goes from you with honors laden,
Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye.

Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye.
There has been a deal of laughter,
Lots of glee and no dread after,
Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye.

Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye.
List to us, for you have learned it ;
List to us, for you have earned it,
Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye.

Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye.
Our *Alma Mater*—do you listen ?
Our *Loving Mother* we you christen,
Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye.

JOSEPHINE HANNAH WILDER.

Valedictory

G. D. HULETT

Some sage has remarked that change is the decree of creation. We are told that it has taken centuries for the forces of nature to bring our earth to its present condition. That glowing orb represents but a stage in the mighty march of creation and re-creation. And as each new phase of a never-ending life evolves from a previous and inferior one, so is the grand total of life's phenomena approaching the perfect ultimatum. A human character to-day is the embodiment of those traits which have voluntarily been made dominant in the life of *past* generations.

But while the law of change is operative in human life, as well as in inanimate nature, we note a distinction between the two. The earth in its history records the power of an external force in altering nature. The sun, before whose dazzling light ancient peoples fell prostrate, and modern intellect bows in awe, is controlled by a power whose autocracy allows of but one course. It is man alone, within whom, planted by a divine and beneficent Being, lies the power of *choosing* between good and evil. Hence in the constitution of man's entity are to be found those elements which are ultimately the offspring of choice. If man's character to-day be ignoble, vile, it is because man has chosen the ignoble, the vile ; if it be pure and holy, it is because he has chosen the pure and the holy.

If all this be true—if the direction of the changes which humanity must undergo be dependent on the choice man makes, is there a responsibility resting upon a body of young men and women who are on the threshold of a life of activity? Can we say otherwise? Through the implantation within my being of elements of good and evil, by heredity and by distinctly special endowment, I hold in trust a capital whose power for good or evil is immeasurable. No appointed guardian of a millionaire's wealth ever held in his grasp such a power for the making or the marring of human life and human happiness, as that person holds to-day who is trained in hand, in

habit, in mind. Strike from the hand of that trustee of material wealth the last farthing, and a vicious act is committed. But misuse the ingredients given for the compounding of a noble character, and a blow is struck not only at material prosperity, not only at social life, but at the very heartstrings of individual and collective righteousness and purity. I repeat—these elements of my character are held *in trust* for the development of character not only in myself, but in every man. If Cain asked, “Am I my brother's keeper?” humanity replies, “I *am* my brother's keeper.” If selfishness is the spring of all human action, it is because man has not yet awakened to his sense of altruism. If man, in his state of moral comatose, builds day by day a structure whose physical greatness has for its support the promptings of self, whose mental and spiritual acquirement have for their foundation the personal element, it is because for generations man has been teaching that *personal, individual happiness* is the greatest and noblest end to be attained! Philosophers, teachers, preachers—all have appealed to man through his love of self—have held out as an incentive to right action the *rewards* of right action. As a child he has been offered the sweat-meat. As a man the same tactics are continued. His religious nature is appealed to on the basis of selfishness. Everlasting happiness is to be his if he do but conform to requirements. Instead of discouraging selfishness—instead of revealing in it the source of every vice known to man, we have set it up as the Golden Calf and have worshipped it in the name of purity and righteousness. We have made it an attribute of God Himself!

But what has all this to do with present problems? What with the Class of '98? It is this. Our choice of right or wrong is determined by our ambition, and upon our ambition depends whether the acting principle of our life shall be *self* or *unself*. Shall we, who are on the threshold of a new life, enter it under the banner of self-service, or of self-sacrifice?

Four years ago some scores of young men and women, bright with the flush of expectancy, wended their way to the old College. They were ambitious. They were aspiring. To-day the remnant of that Class bid each other farewell. Are they still ambitious? Are they still aspiring? We believe so. We have had no check placed on our aspirations. Rather, we have been encouraged; and as the plant is nourished by the sunlight, so have our desires been built up and increased in just measure by congenial environment. Did we then have

ambition to reach a goal? That ambition to-day is intensified. But co-existent with growth toward the ideal has been the expansion of the ideal, and to-day we are not satisfied with the ideal of four years ago. But what is our ambition to-day? Shall we be honest with ourselves? Shall we turn the search-light of frankness upon the hidden pages of our spiritual biography and let our own eyes see all that is inscribed thereon? We look. Is it riches? Is that the *end* for which we have been preparing these years? Does the touch of coin to our feverish palm give us the consciousness that the object of a *life* is being attained? Is that entity which we call life to be satisfied with a mess of potage when the birthright of a nobler manhood is ours for the asking? We look again. Is it honors—worldly popularity—that we seek? An open door—a vision of applauding multitudes—a closing door—oblivion. Again our light shines bright and illumines the page of human aspirations. We trace the words, “social standing,” “business autocracy,” “church dictatorship,” “military glory”—and the series continues. But we do not seek these as *ends* in themselves. Why? At the top of the page, written in letters fragrant with the incense of ages, yet foul with the festering germs of every sin and shame of earth, we read the headline, *Self*.

So we turn the page. The light falls upon a new category of ambitions, and here we read the headline, *Unself*. And only under that banner can the Class of '98 find its truest self. Shall we march under that flag? Shall we step to the strains of a melody which rises soft and gentle, shedding round us a halo of purity, then swelling as the grandeur of its own nobleness breaks the bonds of limitation and grows into a very thunder-storm of inspiration to do and dare for the liberation of mankind from the slavery of self.

If you are called by the voice of Cuban suffering and the demands of outraged humanity to spend your time, your strength, your life's blood, in the cause of human freedom, we as a Class bid you go and God-speed. But, classmates, remember this: If human suffering is to be alleviated; if tyranny in all its forms is to be driven from the face of God's earth, and especially from the borders of Christendom; if those eternally proclaimed principles of right and justice which are emblemized in that flag are to finally prevail; then it is because men will learn that the injustice, the tyranny, the suffering, are the legitimate offspring of self, and as such will continue to people the earth till the *self* shall be laid on the altar of sacrifice, and a new principle be made the operating force

in human progress. Some of us have enlisted in the cause of Cuban liberty. Others will perhaps do so. But have we as a Class and as individuals enlisted in that campaign of freedom which means more than the abolition of Spanish misrule, more than that some thousands of men shall be given the rights of civil liberties—which means that the fetters of national and individual self-interest which have been welded by centuries of teaching and practice, shall be struck from fifteen hundred millions of human beings, and in their place shall be linked the bonds of mutual interest, co-operative enterprise—of united effort for the ushering in of a “new heaven and a new earth.”

Fellow-members of the Class of '98, what change are we making for ourselves? By what guiding star is our effort inspired? Shall we be more than the brute? Then let us strive for that for which the brute has no conception. Do we seek material wealth? Let us sanctify its honest acquisition by its dedication to humanity. Do we win popularity? Let us use it as a lever to lift man to a purer life. Do we wear the shoulder-straps on the field of battle? Let the authority thus bestowed direct men to nobler ideals of right. Is our course one of “stepping heavenward”? Let it be one of *lifting* heavenward.

To-day the morning sun falls upon these gathered classmates in rays of bouyancy and hope. But on the morrow that sun rises in its course. The meridian comes. The heat, the burden is upon us. Day wanes—declines. The twilight mists gather about us. We live in the past, for the earthly future makes no promise. Darkness settles. Are we satisfied—shall we be satisfied when that darkness settles? But a new, an immortal day dawns, a new life opens. Does it open to us? “He that loseth his life shall find it.” Have we found it?

1

